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## Change of Pace

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Third Place

# Change of Pace

By Aubree Sepler

Last year I wanted a change of pace  
so you know what I did?

I had the bored, gum-snapping waitress  
put my ice cream in a cup instead of a cone.

I ultimately sent it back because I missed  
the satisfying crack as I fractured bits of  
the cone between my munching molars but

You know what that means?

*Change is possible, ladies and gentlemen!*

Why, just the other day I had a startling  
revelation. I took a trip to Boston in one of  
those little commuter planes. You know, the

one with twenty-four seats and little to  
no protection against Mother Nature? That's

the one! I was armed with a Cosmopolitan  
(magazine, that is) and a pair of Dolce shades

people would kill for when my

little commuter plane started tilting and tottering.

Our pilot came on the loudspeaker and announced  
we were just hitting a little bit of turbulence at this  
high altitude of 36,000 feet but not to worry, folks,

we'll touch down in Boston in about an hour or

three. I'll tell you right now I have never been so  
terrified in my entire life. Not anxious or apprehensive,  
but frightened for the future of me.

Do you know what that feels like?

*It made me feel human.*

and when we touched down in Boston three hours  
later, I felt changed. Of course, I had to go out and  
celebrate my triumph over the wrath of the elements,  
so I journeyed to a sweet little bistro in Quincy  
Market to purchase a delectable ice cream.

Want to guess how I asked for it?

In a cup!

And with a copious mountain of rainbow sprinkles.

*Hey, if you're going to change, you may as well go for the rainbow sprinkles.*